Agricultural Department.

W. S. SHIELDS, EDITOR.

Worthy of Consideration.

The following pertinent article from the pen of Mr. Wallace, an intelligent and progressive farmer of Anderson county, so fully coincides with our own views we copy it in full from a late issue of the Nashville *Rural Sun*:

It cannot but be a little humiliating, to at least some of our people "to the manor born," to hear the constant cry from all parts of our State for men from the "North" and other parts of the world to come, buy our lands, locate among us, and, by their example of thrift, intelligence and wonderful energy, show others what can be done on our favored lands and climate. Such people forget the trite saying "The gods help those who first help themselves." We see our people leaving us by myriads, seeking an el dorado elsewhere, leaving excellent opportunity for men of the above named class to come in, and, by a well directed system of farming and domestic arrangements, produce gratifying results to themselves, and astonish the natives by their success.

Very much, Messrs. Editors, of what we call successful cultivation in our neighbors from the North and the Faderland is no more nor less than a progressive knowledge of agriculture, gleaned by a nice observation, practical experience, and aided by that great motor of rural progress—the agricultural press—all combined with knowledge of the general business principles of the world.

Our people seem to forget that the general principles of agriculture are the same the world over, and what we need to attain the envied prosperity and character of our "brethren of the plow" from the more noted sections, is not so particularly their personal experience and example, as a little closer observation, a little more reading bearing upon our own business—more energy in accumulating manures, and knowing how, when and where to best apply, and a stirring "up all around the board."

Very few of us are willing to allow any people have superior opportunities. We have the land—and if some of the best parts are gone, the remainder has the body—which readily and beautifully yields to proper treatment. The inducements to a higher plane in farming are certainly great enough, the reasons for which are obvious. Our location is good enough, bordering upon a great belt of country whose legitimate sphere in the producing world is the "fleecy staple," and whose wants in in the way of "hog and hominy" must come from elsewhere.

But here, as in other departments, the same want of energy confronts us, and diverts many a dollar to our neighbors over the way. For instance, see the droves of horses and mules passing through out State for the South; and again, before our meat is even slaughtered, agents for the Western markets are all through the South, making engagements for an early delivery of bulk meats—some of it even our Tennessee hogs, bought and shipped to Louisville, Cincinnati and elsewhere, which finds an ultimate market across our State in the South, beating ours there.

One great leading fault of our people is they are too non-progressive—are content entirely too far beneath their opportunities. They have not learned, at least well enough, that the watchwood is knowledge and *push*.

Again, we are too prone to cling to the traditions of the past, to tread the well-beaten way of our fathers. For instance, if a "nativa" presumes to experiment a little outside the usual groove, he is called chimerical and new-fangled. If he raises mangel-wurzels, carrots, of the Swede Turnips for his stock, he is wasting his time and land, so they say.

If the people of our State and the South generally would turn their energies into the proper channel—would quit devoting themselves to matters in the abstract, politics and other humbugs of the smaller fry—would summon the courage to combat hard times with his own missiles, useless luxuries, expensive State governments, etc., etc.—we might soon expect better times. Till then we cannot expect changes for the better.

Care of Cows.

If there is any season when dairy cows require good care and generous treatment it is just at the setting in of the winter. The change from succulent pasturage to dry feed is a trying one to any animal, but peculiarly so to a milch cow. She has to supply double drain upon her system—the demands of the pail and those of the growing fœtus. To neglect a cow at this critical period is not only inhuman, but it "does not pay." The cows should have a good comfortable shelter, plenty of pure water (with the chill taken off is better) and plenty of of good nutritious food. To see a group of disconsolate cows standing "humped up" in the storm, without even a shed to shelter them, marching once or twice a day in me'a cholly procession to some distant brook or pond where a hole has been cut in the ice, and when feeding time comes fighting for the scant supply of course hay or cornstalks scattered in heaps around the barnyard, is enough to move one to mingled indignation at the brutality and folly of their shiftless owners.

Potato Culture.

Experiments in potato culture, conducted of late in Germany, but described in a French agricultural paper, are said to have demonstrated that the vigor of the potato plant is always in direct proportion to the weight of the tubers used for seed; and not only do different tubers vary in productiveness, but also different "eyes" in the same potato. The "eyes" in the top of the potato produce much finer offspring than those lower down or at the bottom; and in planting, agriculturists are therefore advised to cut them horizontally, instead of vertically, and use the lower part for cattle feed. The best plan, however, is to set them out whole, cutting out all the eyes except those at the top. From careful statistics of the experiments conducted by Prof. Grantz, it appears that from tubers divided vertically, only five tons per acre were produced; from whole potatoes, seven and a half tons; and from those cut horizontally, nine and three-quarter tons. In the last point, however, other scientific observers do not agree with who results of Herr Grantz's experiments, as they insist that other things being equal, whole potatoes will always produce more than halves, however cut.

Care of Young Stock.

At no time is the stock-breeder so liberally rewarded for his care and attention as he is for that bestowed upon his young animals during their first winter. The treatment a calf or a colt receives the first year of its life always shows afterwards. Take either, and let it be exposed to the cold rains and snows of winter, on scant food, and it will, as long as it lives, bear the ineffacable marks of such treatment; it matters not how good the care and attention bestowed upon it afterwards; true, they will "pick up" and "come out" with generous feeding and good care, and even make good animals, but it matters not how good they may become, they would have been better had it not been for the first hard year of their life. An instance of this kind came under our observation a few days ago; we were looking at two promising young thoroughbred fillies; both had been left the first winter of their lives to pick up a living pretty much as they could. They afterwards fell into the hands of a liberal feeder and began to improve from the day they went on his farm; now for untried three-year olds they are as promising as any in the State, and in all probability both of them will make successful race animals. "It hardens 'em and makes 'em tough to let 'em rough it de fust winter," said the old darkie who had them in charge when we were looking at them. "Do you think so?" we replied; "would you not change them in some respect if you could?" we asked. "Oh, yes, sir, I would make 'em a little bit heavier in the muscles, and I would stand each of them up a couple of inches higher." "Just so," we replied, "and if they had received proper treatment when young no fault could have been found with them, but both were stunted when yearlings and will not recover from it."

A short time back we were looking over a herd of Shorthorns in this county, and were shown two calves, a yearling and a two-year old by the same bull and out of the same cow; the only likeness they bore to each other was in color. We expressed surprise at the great difference in the form and finish of the two sisters. "Not at all strange," remarked the proprietor. "That calf," pointing to the two year old, a long-legged, light-bodied and ragged-hipped heifer, "came in October before I bought the cow, and evidently was half starved the first winter of her life, but this one," turning to the yearling, a fine specimen of Shorthorn beauty, "was bred on my place, and was well housed and well fed—both have received the same attention since I have owned them, both, as you see, are equally fat, but there is no comparison in the forms, and the yearling at two years of age will weigh a third more than the sister." We are reminded of the above circumstance by the present cold snap, and the knowledge that farmers generally attach so little importance to the care of their young stock during the winter. No provision is made for them separate from the older animals—they are left to take their chances of getting their share of food (which they never get) out of the common feed-rack. As we said above, now is the time to give attention to the young things—the first winter, especially such weather as we are now having is the most trying time of a young animal's life.

When Turkish Pashas read their names in the American telegraph, they believe in a hell more than ever.

The Early Methodists in England

From the London Quarterly Review.

Looking back over the 188 years which have elapsed since the formation of "the United Societies" we see, in the first instance, two or three clergymen of the English Church painfully making their way on horseback, over miserable roads, at little more than a snail's pace, from one industrial centre to another, for the purpose of preaching to masses of baptized English heathen the Gospel of salvation by "grace through faith." Their visits to each sphere of labor are few and far between, for "the harvest truly is great and the laborers are few." But there is marvelous power about these men. The wealth, aristocracy and churchmanship of the land frown darkly upon them; the mobs, whose sake they are ready to be "killed all the day long," are but too easily persuaded to result and molest them, and they are painfully familiar with the artillery of stones and bricks and mud and rotten eggs. Yet, somehow, "none of these things move" them. They go steadily on, returning blessing for cursing and replying to oaths by prayers, and offering present, free and full salvation to all; and, somehow, their word prevails. Their field-preaching passes into the phase of triumphant mortal conquest, and they say, exultingly: "Now, thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of His knowledge by us in every place." In no place does their word fail to be "with power." In many places, where the population is comparatively large, and a common industry establishes close personal relations and intercourse, extraordinary displays of religious excitement take place. Scores, hundreds, nay, thousands, of the most vicious, profane and profligate people are transformed into meek, reverent, pure and loving disciples of Jesus Christ. The movement spreads far and wide, and with astonishing rapidity, too, considering the obstacles to locomotion then existing. "Helpers" are needed, and in the providence of God are supplied in abundance and in quick succession, and in a few years the whole land, which lay in the barrenness and silence of a moral waste, bursts into beauty, rejoices and blossms as the rose, and echoes and re-echoes with "the sound and glory" of the Savior's name. The early triumphs of Methodism in England are among the most remarkable on record. They may be said, without exaggeration, to rival even the successes of the Apostles themselves; and now, as we look again and again at the territory occupied in England and Wales by Methodism, another exclamation of the old time rises to our lips. "What hath God wrought!"

They tell of a Georgia girl who recently had a man arrested for an assault having consisted of a successful though stoutly resisted effort on his part to keep her from committing suicide by jumping from a bridge. The man made the very natural mistake of rescuing the girl too soon. If he had waited until she had gotten fairly under the water, he would have seen the very marked difference between the gratitude of a damp girl and a dry one. Instead of having him arrested for an assault, with a wild, tragic "Ha! me ke-yind preserver!" she would have rushed frantically into his arms.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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